







A la Royne.

MADAME,

LA Maïesté & la douceur le plus sonnent séparés comme le ciel l'est de la terre sont unies vn aduantage nonpareil, si diuinement & inseparablement assemblées en vous, que pour le present estes la gloire d'Angleterre, comme des vostre naissance vous estes la splendeur de la France; Qu'elles mont donne la hardiesse de m'adresser à vos pieds ausquels l'on vient de toutes parties aussy facilement qu'aux temples & aux autels: Pour y faire des prieres, presenter, des offrandes & obtenir des faueurs. Car ayant desir de mettre

au iour ce petit Eserit pour ayder aux hommes solei
perueris de c'est sicle corrompu, à retourner flet
de l'insolence a la crainte du Ciel & de la de- fau
banche à la raison par le sentiment de ce quilz M.
doiuent estre & par la pensee de ce quilz ne sou
sont pas, la malice leur ayant fermé les yeux no
de l'ame pour ne veior, & l'impieté bouché les le
oreilles pour n'entendre à bien faire, comme dit ex
le Roy Prophete. Je ne debuoi & ne poucis n
l'offrir qu'à vostre Maiesté, Que si plusieurs
blasment la temerité de mon entreprise, &
condamnent l'orgueil de ma presumption
ce sera trop Madame pour leur fermes la
bouche, & leur donner suiet de lire & prati-
quer tout ce quilz doiuent, si V. M. approuue
mon desseing, & s'ils se souuiennent que si selon
l'opinion de Seneque le seul iugement d'Au-
guste vaul plus que les dons de Claudius, et
vn seul aduis de Socratte plus que toute la
liberalité d'Alexandre, l'approbation de
V. Auguste M. suffira pour effacer tout le
default de mon euvre & son regard benin
luy donnera plus de lustre & de pouuoir que le
soleil

mes soleil ne fait de chaleur & de lumiere à ceste
ner fleur qui se tourne deuers luy. Ces honorables
de-faveurs dont ie supplie tres humblement V.
ilz M. me favoriser, m'obligeront, Madame, à
ne souhaïter la longueur de vos iours estre sans
ux nombre, comme le sont vos vertus, Vostre Es-
les leuation dans le Ciel ausy haulte qu'est vostre
lit exaltation dans le monde & à desirer l'hon-
is neur d'estre pour jamais.

de V. M.

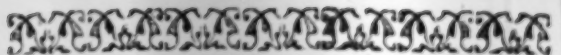
Le tres humble & tres

Madame

Obeissant seruiteur

& subiet.

Colman.



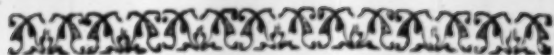
TO THE GREAT
Empresse of our little
WORLD.

MAdam, may I presume without offence
Vpon your Highnesse fauour, to dispence
With this my rude composition, What I haue
I giue, and more ther's no man euer gaue,
Being the first piece ventur'd on the Stage
Since you were ours, To craue your Patronage,
You cannot with your Honour choose but giue
It harbour, and a libertie to liue
For its owne merit (rightly vnderstood)
Let Enuie censure whether it be good.
What wants he that enuoyeth all, the wise
Philosopher demands, Then thus replies
Some one to tell him truth, which want I haue
Suppli'd, and humbly your free pardon craue.
All men will flatter my vnpractiz'd youth
In that hath ventur'd to shake hands with truth,
Which neuer shames the Master. Water these
Young Plants in time they may grow goodly Trees.
Liue long the Glorie of your Royall Stem,
Heau'n crowne with an immortall Diadem.

Your Highnesse most humble

Servant and Subiect,

W. Colman.



The Authour to his Booke.

GRosse food best suits with vulgar appetites,
On choicest morsels few place their delights.
Lascinious Pamphlets euermore take best
When Poems of Deuotion few digest.
Brought'st thou some light-heeld passage on the stage,
Or Planet stricken Louer in a rage,
Then would the Ladies hug thee old and yong
Make thee their Morning Prayer and Euen-song,
Take thee to bed at night, and in the morne
Repeate againe, the better to enforme
Their memories, at eu'ry fripping Feast
Thou should'st be sure to be a gratefull Guest.
Didd'st thou discouer stratagems of State
How this tell in the nicke and that too late
Then might'st thou goe with confidence to Court
And be applauded there for doing hurt,
So for the rest, but thou shalt welcome be
Only to men in want and miserie
With such perhaps thou maist some houres beguile
And from amidst their sorrowes force a smile:
Or in some Hermits melancholy Cell
Reside awhile. Some few there are that dwell
Amongst the monster multitude of men
Will freely entertaine thee now and then,
The rest as old Deuotion out of date
Will cast thee off, and bid thee hold thy prate.
If any doe expect strong lines, Behold
To tell them these sufficient are to hold

Them tugging. Fairely read with that intenc
Which they abroad into the world are sent.
Though not perform'd with that Poeticke fire
The nicenesse of our present times inspire.
He spoyles the operation of a Pill
Conformeth it vnto the Patients will.
Each giddie braine I doe not seeke to please,
But first find out then cure the soule disease
Of wilfull ignorance protracting time
Vntill the dolefull signalls fatall chime.
So I commit thee to th'uncertaine fate
Of Censure, may perhaps proue fortunate.

W. C

*To his deare friend the Author vpon his
well fought Dnell.*

IF from th'aboundance of the heart we speake,
None can be so maliciously weake
To thinke thee other then thou seem'st to be
In this; th'interiour Character of thee.
Enuie may spit her venome, Critickes iere
But thou art plac'd vpon a rocke so neere
To heauen, their malice cannot climbe so high
But backwards fall vpon themselves, and die.

John Peasball.

To his deare friend the Author.

HAue you not heard the melancholly note
The Rauē sends from her Prophetick throte,
The Lich-owles screeke, the dreadfull Thunder rore
The Martiall Drum, men wallowing in their gore
A mid-night passing Bell or Belmans Song,
The raging Lionesse for her lost yong,
So found thy sacred Sonets in our eares
Stirring vs vp with Musique to our feares.

E. H.

*To my Friend the Author and
his Booke.*

IF the Grand Rabbies of our moderne times
Shall squeeze out of thee some poore veniall crimes
For which thou shalt be solemnly conuented
(As was thy Master) be not discontented
Since both of you are Cannon prooffe, care not
For *Baily*, *Button*, nor their *Musket* shot.
Authoritie thats craz'd, is still most brieife
And hangs a true man where there wants a thiefe.
No foole, the prouerbe saith, vnto the oldest
And euermore blind Bayard is the boldest.

Thomas Veridicus.



*To the Author vpon his
Poem.*

VVHile other Muses wanton Poems sing,
Thy pen being taken from a Cherubs wing
Teacheth the way to blisse, where they and we
Meet in a quire, to adore Eternitie
Death must begin our triumph, and the dust
That hangs vpon our fleshie garment must
Be first brush'd of, the vanities of life
Riches and pleasures, that but sweeten strife
And to the eye of sense makes death appeare
Deform'd, by thy diuiner raptures here
Are quite destroide, the rugged path made eauen
And men acknowledge thee the way to Heauen.

James Sherlie.



To my worthiest friend Master W. C. on his
Booke, *La Dance Machabre.*

FRIEND, thou do'st ill to ranke me in this place,
Though I shall honor thee in my disgrace.
For as choice dainties, after grosser food,
Taste better farre, then other wayes they would;
Some by reading this harsh verse of mine,
Shall rellish better these sweet straines of thine.
What boot these lines alas! When euery one
May read thy prayles written in thine owne.
Such needlesse things may make weake people deeme,
Thy Booke wants sureties to beget esteeme.

Here hath thy sad Muse, like a dying Swan,
Sung a sweet storie, of the death of man.
O, may shee liue, that glad-deceiued we,
May heare her oftensing such melodie.

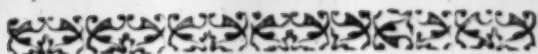
John Crompton.

Sum quod eris

Fui quod es



*Be holdd some man sam what thou shalt be
And as thou art soe was I once like thee.*



Death's Duell.

Mors omnibus communis.

We must all die.

I



Lympick *Odes* soft layes fond Louers breath,
Domestick iarres, nor forrein broiles I bring :
Nor crown'd *Lycus* with a frantique wreath,
Twixt life and death the fatall warre I sing :
Which whil't I but recite, me thinkes from all
At every accent should a salt teare fall.

2

Affist yee heau'nly powers, no other Muse
I inuocate, cast downe propitious Eyes,
My humble genius with such fire infuse
Our words may fall like Lightning from the Skyes
Striking th' amazed mortals with such terrour
They may not loue, but liue to see, their error.

3

Stay, not too fast least thou impose an end
To what we briefly haue discours'd vpon
Before thou truly know what we intend,
Too hasty feeding hurts digestion,
Read note, if not to profit. What's compriz'd
Herein, is meerly but epitomiz'd.

B

Wc

4

We highly prize this noble friend, and that,
 This boone Companion, and that Parasite
 Whose sinooth tongu'd language euer levels at
 Those things which doe administer delight :
 But in conclusion, Death's our truest friend,
 Tels vs what we must trust to in the end.

5

Tels vs, that we are mortall, that we know
 Our last nights habitation, not the next ;
 That humane pleasures like sweet Roses grow
 Amidst a thousand miteries perplex.
 Since ioy and grieffe inseperably goe
 Nor can we reape our pleasures without woe.

6

The Twins of Fortune, at one instant borne
 Both Male and Female, birth-rites due to neither,
 Like Turtle-doues they re-salute each morne,
 Wander all day, and lodge at night together.
 All ages, all conditions, all estates
 Know this, discouer'd in their seuerall fates.

7

The strongest Fort besieg'd with powerfull foes
 Till victuals and munition waxeth scant
 May for a time subsist, but in the close
 Must of necessity submit to want :
 So youth and nature bare vp stiffe awhile,
 But in the end, Death giues them both the foile.

The

8

The life of man is tripartite, the first
Of nature, which is lyable to death,
The second, after which all good men thirst,
Of fame, commencing with our vtmost breath,
The last eternall, consummates our blisse,
Whither for Death there no admittance is.

9

Blest Heau'ns defend me, the Worlds maior part
Reflect not on whose arrant they are sent,
The Stage scarce enterd, they forget their part,
Turne dayes to nights, and nights to dayes ill spent:
Such liberty vnto our selves we giue,
Till Death, we know not truly how to liue.

10

The thiefe reflects not what it is to steale
Before he sees the Gallowes, nor the Maid
(Vntill her belly doe the fact reueale)
A th' stolne imbraces of her loues dismaid,
The Prodigall reflecteth not vpon
A plentifull estate, till he haue none.

11

Consider wisely what thou hast to doe
In this vaine **World** with serious meditation,
How short the time, what's likely to ensue,
And frustrate not the end of thy Creation
Since here is nought whereon thou canst relie
But to be borne, to labour, and to die:

B 2

What

12

What though thou dost enjoy a greater measure
Of temporall felicitie then those
That live reclus'd, for eu'ry dram of pleasure
Expect a world of happinesse to lose.

There's but one Heau'n, then thinke not to reioyce
Both here and hence, thou must not haue it twice.

13

Vnthrifty youth time prod'gally spends,
That flies away with vndiscouer'd haste,
Mocking our hopes, still future ioyes pretends,
Takes small content in recreations past.

Imagination sets our thoughts on fire,
And what we cannot haue we most desire.

14

So little Children wish would we were men
Freed from the fetters of our pupill age;
Growne old, they conet to be yong againe,
Pretending in their wayes to be more sage
And circumspect, what is not we thinke best,
And others in their meaner fortunes blest.

15

The carefull Pilot waisting from the Shoare
His full-fraght Vessell, sitteth at the Sterne
Iudiciously to guide what goes before,
And from the hoary-headed Pole doth learne
Which way to steere and furrow vp the Ocean
With a secure, though vnsteady motion.

16

The World's the Sea, and we the Vessels are,
 Consideration, Stearesman, and pale death
 The Sterne, in which we haue an equall share.
 Swift-footed time still towards vs beckeneth
 Dappled with age, which careles youth doth know,
 Yet all too late beleeueth it to be so.

17

But so it is, what ere we doe pretend
 And fondly flatter our Imagination,
 Being as neere vnto our Iourneyes end
 (For ought we know) as aged declination;
 Experience tels vs; Whence we may presage,
 No certainty in youth, nor hope in age.

18

The one may liue, the other cannot long,
 A possibility on which we build
 Our certaine ruine, and receiue a wrong
 That's irrecoverable, if we yeild
 Vnto such reapons nature will produce,
 In her desires euermore pro use,

19

He, whose pulse beats the strongest, hath no more
 Assurance of his life, then he that lies
 Vpon his death-bed, and perhaps, before
 His deare companion whom he mournes for, dyes.
 The neere ally'd, whose care the sicke attends *Ouid.*
 Sicken themselves, and die before their friends.

B 3

The

20

The Priest doth offer holy sacrifice
 Vpon the Altar for departing soules
 Liue to be present at his Obsequies
 And heare the Sextons Death-bell when it toules:
 So the Physitian while he Physicke giues
 T'another, dies himselfe, his Patient liues.

21

The forward heire, Who thinks that life too long
 By which he liues, desirous to see
 His Father canoniz'd whilst he is young,
 And not goe limping to immortalitie,
 Leaues him oft-times, although decrepit, ill,
 To be the Ouer-seer of his Will.

22

For honour this, for office that man waites,
 A third gapes for a new bought Benefice,
 Meane while death with ineuitable baites
 Cancels their hopes, the Priest the Clarke suruiues,
 And many a time and oft when he is dead,
 Feeds on the Goose that grafeth ore his head.

23

Poore wretched man, why dost thou captiuat
 Thy knowledge, and betray it to mischance,
 Striuing to hide thy miserable fate,
 Which thou maist call thine owne inheritance;
 Naked thou wast deliuerd from the Wombe,
 And naked shalt retorne vnto the Tombe;

How

24

How soone thou know'st not, For thou art but here
Tenant at will, although for terme of li'e,
Nor will thy Land-lord giue a parting yeare,
Nor be kept out by Lawes contentious strife,
What euidence soeuer thou produce,
Or long prescriptions fraudulent abuse.

25

Why then doe thy vaine thoughts reflect so much
On Glow-wormes that haue neither warmth nor light,
Earth has no reall happinesse, and such
As carelesse of their soule, thinke no delight
But what these bodies taste, time and their griefe
Will furnish with repentance, not reliefe.

26

Who was thy Father? filth and rottennesse,
The Wormes thy brethren and thy sisters are,
So holy *Iob* doth thy descent expresse,
Thy life a vale of euer-feeding care,
A Sommers bird, a fading flower of *May*,
To morrow dead that flourisheth to day.

27

Th' vncertaine, certaine houre of our death,
The table-booke of humane misery,
Tels vs Mortalitie is but a breath
Shut in or out by casualty
Early, or late, by day, or night, abroad,
At home, or wheresoe're we make abroad.

B 4

Thinke

Thinke how a tyle-sheard passing on thy way
 By accident fals downe and strikes thee dead
 And that ere long thou mayst be wrapt in clay
 Who euen now enioy'st thy downy bed,
 He that to such fraile euidence doth trust
 Doth carue the water, and ingraues in dust.

What though thy house be sumptuous, and thy fare,
 Thy wife both vertuous, beautifull, and wise,
 Thy children hopefull and obedient are,
 Thy seruants most obsequious in their guise,
 Thy coffers full, thy Lordships round about thee,
 Yet thou must goe and they must stay without thee.

And these vpon thy death-bed shall appeare
 Like to so many glorious miseries,
 Or like an Office thou didst lately beare
 Transferr'd t'another man before thine eyes:
 For certaine tis what chiefly doth content thee,
 In that sad houre to leaue shall most torment thee.

Then the deboist disorders of thy youth
 Th' vnust detayning of anothers right
 Supported more by strong hand then by truth,
 As done but yester day, before thy sight
 In hideous formes appeare, which being well
 Thou hadst no time to thinke on, there's thy hell.

Much

32

Much like a pamper'd Iade grow'n-belly-proud
Flings vp his heeles, and his owne Master strikes,
Contemnes his poore Companions who allow'd
No more then what they dearely earne, Dislikes
Their milde Condition, and through wantonnesse
Feeds on the best of their deare purchas'd gresse;

33

Aspiring thoughts about our fortunes soare,
And true content, Mans chiefest happinesse,
By emulation is shut out of Doare,
Valuing our wants by other mens excesse
We glance at those in worth and wealth out goe vs,
Regarding not how many walke below vs.

34

Disturbe not thine owne quiet with a thought
Of what thou wast, or what thou mightst haue bin,
Aduancement comes neglected and not sought,
As Monkeyes with the chaines they are tide in.
Play with the common corrasues of fate,
Which as they had beginnings haue their date.

35

For iust Heau'n guilty of no ill at all,
From the beginning hath contriu'd it so
That in all ages some shall rise, some fall,
The goods of fortune wander to and fro:
From man to man, and as the Poet sings
Kings come from beggars, beggars come from Kings.

Tis

36

Tis strange to see how men from time to time
 Flatter themselves with presupposed ioyes
 Not growing in this sublunary Clime,
 And feed on hopes, enioy'd, appeare but toyes,
 So that in fine we spend our time in wishing;
 Though we haue all, yet something still is missing,

37

Which shewes, th'immortall soule of man, confin'de
 Within this mortall Prison takes no rest,
 Nor true content in any thing can find
 Till it ascend, for euer to be blest
 About the reach of any humane thought,
 Within our muddy apprehensions wrought.

38

All arts may hither come againe to Schoole,
 And find new matter to insist vpon:
 Grammarians here find out a generall rule
 That will admit of no exception,
 Then whisper in their eares, we all must die
 And tell them that their Maxime's a lie.

39

Here the Logician may with ease conclude
 A Syllogisme most methodicall
 Without distinction, figure, forme, or moode,
 All humane Arguments sophisticall,
 Death will not dally, nor admit dispute
 Be thou ne're so ingenious and acute.

40

Th' Arithmetician that can rectifie
By daily vse and rules infallible
His fractions, adde, subtract, or multiply,
To number his owne minutes is not able.
Though the Musitian daily in tune set
His instrument, he cannot passe this fret.

41

Th' Astrologer that daily notice takes
What Planets raigne, what Starres predominate,
Whence he vncertaine demonstrations makes,
And doth our future fortunes calculate,
No further can transcend, but leaues vs here,
Life leades the vanguard, Death brings vp the reare.

42

The graue Philosopher that can diuine
And pry into th' obstrusest mysteries
Hangs vs his Trophies here, and doth resigne
His knowledge choakt with foule absurdities,
Surceasing farther of his skill to boast,
Concludeth here, that all his labour's lost.

43

The industrious Herald that wracks Pedigrees
Vpon the tenter-hookes, whereby to show
Th' antiquity of Names and Families,
Death interrupts, and can no further goe,
He only hath the priuiledge to tell
'Vs, what men were, who liu'd, and who dy'd, well.
Here

44

Here the Physician with his pills and potions
 Astonisht stands confounded in his Art.
 The Surgeon doth his Cataplasmes and Lotions
 Apply, no succour or reliefe impart.
 Whatsoever hath beginning here, must end,
 Or first or last, nor can it selfe defend.

45

No priuiledge hath honour, Parentage,
 The wise, and foolish perish both together,
 Old men, and Infants, carelesse middle-age,
 Draw cuts by turnes indifferent to either,
 Rich men, and poore, magnanimous, and cowards,
 Play all Munn-chance, all's but a game at hazards.

46

No friend at Court, no quillet in the Law,
 No golden bribe, the life of eloquence,
 Can keepe this common Enemy in awe,
 No armed Guard to stand in thy defence,
 No *Superfedeas* from a higher Court
 Can pleasure thee, or doe the Plaintiffe hurt.

47

No widdowes teares, no wronged Orphans cryes,
 No protestations, voves, nor promises,
 No Altars smoking with burnt sacrifice
 This Al-commanding power can appease.
 The fatall Sisters hauing spun their thred
 Make holy-day, and thou art left for dead.

Behold

48

Behold thy friends about thee, who inform'd
By thy Physician that thou canst not liue,
Study their ends, teares flow as if they mourn'd,
Corrupting him with promises, to giue
Largely that shall thy fatall Pen-man bee,
Each for himselfe laborious, none for thee.

49

Nor thy poore soule now totally contain'd
In some small corner of a panting heart,
With death thy other members being maym'd
Acting on this Worlds Theater that part,
To which some sooner then their fellowes come,
Calde *Exit*, such a one whose part is done.

50

Which sometimes lights on a religious King
Or bloody Tyrant, Politician, Foole,
Rich Cormorant, or hungar-starued thing,
Or on some *Inquisitor* borne to rule;
Though each a part his feuerall part doth play,
In fine, they all goe off the Stage one way.

51

A great Commander hauing in the field,
A hundred thousand men their force to try
Such as the World their betters could not yeild,
Viewing his Armie, wept; demanded why?
To thinke (said he) within one hundred yeare
Not one of these shall to the World appeare,

Doe

52

Doe but consider, be thou ne're so yong,
 How many deare Companions thou hast lost,
 By course of nature might haue liu'd as long,
 To enioy the wanton pleasures which thou do'st,
 Only that Death in curtesie hath lent
 Thee some vncertaine minutes to repent.

53

Repriu'd by Heau'ns most boundlesse clemencie,
 Who like a too indulgent Parent strives
 To reconcile vs with that vehemencie,
 By miracle doth oft preferue our liues;
 Of which most fearefull presidents we haue,
 Yet no impression in our hearts ingraue.

54

You in whose hearts the seed of wickednesse,
 Whence budded forth mans misery is sow'n,
 Prizing your selues and your owne worthinesse
 At higher rates then may be call'd your owne,
 As if on Earth you would be Deicide,
 The wormes shall one day triumph ore your pride.

55

You Mammon-mongers, horders vp of wealth,
 Slaues to your owne, rich only in conceit
 Whose hungry bellies vnto all your wealth
 Was ne're beholding for a good meale: meate,
 Whose death giues life to others, likewise you
 Must pay the wormes what to your selues were due.
 Luxu-

56

Luxurious wanton delicacies Minion,
Who pampers nature meerly, to destroy her,
Yeelding thy selfe a Slaue vnto opinion,
Thinking thou most, when thou dost least, enioy her:
These are the Barber-Surgeons, whose long traines
Shall one day scow'r thy infectious raines.

57

You the vnworthy burthens of the earth
Pine and consume away, yet are not old
Making of Christian Charity a dearth,
Laugh only when you some sad sight behold;
The wormes shall sucke the rancor from your harts,
With which you poyson your malicious darts.

48

You Gormandizers placing your delights
In choicest morsels euermore to please
Your cloy'd vnstatisfied appetites,
Nurse vp your selues in idlenesse and ease:
The silly wormes reioyce to see you eate
On deare bought dainties to procure them meate.

49

You sencelesse hot-spurres on each slight occasion
Banish discretion in your frantique fits
Into all mischief making an inuasion,
Wise in the iudgements of your after-wits
Alas how little will those silly things
Value your terrifying threatnings.

You

60

You mothes in nature, Caterpillers, men
 Only in name and forme, like fruitlesse plants,
 Who liue but (as it were) to say *Amen*
 To others labours which supply your wants
 Equally grosse in body and in spirit
 Which one day these poore vermin must inherit.

61

What shall I say of the worlds wealthy Minions
 Their vncouch'd thoughts and all admired glory
 Rais'd aboue all mens or their owne opinions,
 Rotten in dust, forgotten is their story,
 Vnlesse perhaps what here so glittering shin'de
 Went out in snuffe, and left ill sent behinde.

62

Whither are those bewitching beauties fled
 Subduing them, that all the world beside
 Could neuer vanquish, Are they not all dead?
 Nipt in the blossome of intising pride,
 Or else grow'n old, like fruit vntimely gotten
 Their out-side wither'd, and their in-side rotten.

63

Produce but one victorious Potentate
 Commanding all, liu'd vncontroul'd of any
 That hath not paid his fealty to fate,
 On whom the fates depended of so many;
 The Sunne that shines most glorious hath its set,
 So deaths th' *Omega* of our Alphabet.

The

64

The graue Philosophers comming to view
The sumptuous Shrine of *Alexander* made
Of massie gold, did thus begin to rue
Mans miserie, and to each other said,
He that of gold possesse so great a measure
Is now of gold become the loathsome treasure.

65

To whose aspiring thoughts, yet all in vaine,
The spacious World presented was, Loe now
Foure foot of Earth doth quietly restraine,
To whom so many stubborne necks did bow.
He that so many but last night could free
From death, now cannot helpe himselfe, you see;

66

Fear'd yesterday of all and honored;
The Earth he did oppresse now presseeth him,
Contemn'd, neglected, and vnreuerenced,
None feares his frownes, nor seeks his grace to win;
Greater then any but last night, now lies
Nor lou'd of Friends, nor fear'd of Enemies.

67

O greatnesse in whose all-commanding pow're
Mercie and Iustice are established,
Conn well this Lesson, thinke vpon that houre
In which you must your selues be summoned,
Death fear's no colours, For it all commands
Both crowned heads, and Scepter-bearing hands.

C

Who

68

Who lends mine eyes a Fountaine of fresh teares,
 To re-deplore mans miserable birth,
 The lamentable spending of his yeares,
 His sad returne vnto our Mother Earth,
 Whence, what he is, and whither he must goe,
 And how men liue as if they did not know.

69

'T would soile my paper worse then doth the inke
 With which I write, exactly to expresse
 What eu'ry wise iudicious man may thinke
 Of his owne base and selfe vnworthinesse
 From the first act of generation, farre
 More loathsome in corruption then beasts are.

70

Which heauens all fore-seeing power would haue
 Contriu'd so to curbe and keepe in awe
 Our haughtie proud rebellious flesh, to saue
 Th'immortall soule, which otherwise no law
 Could subjugate, since as we are, O wonder,
 Nor lawes of God, nor man, can keepe vs vnder.

71

Trees, herbes, flow'rs, plants, produce sweet nourish-
 Both to our taste delightfull and the sinell. (ments
 Man, nitts, lice, spittle, stinking Excrements;
 Nay, more then that the very beasts excell
 Mans temperature, refusing oft to doe
 Those things which we inforce our selues vnto.

If

72

If such the first fruits which our spring-tide yeelds
In th'height, heat, vigor, Sun-shine of our dayes
When youth proclaimes its glory in the fields
Crowning our Temples with victorious bayes,
What lothsome poysonous, and vsauorie iuice
Will bruised Autumne from the presse produce.

73

When crutched age wrapt in her carefull Chaire
Grow'n white with yeares not innocencie, blames
Disordered youth, whose liu'ry it doth weare,
Regardlesse truth to heedlesse youth proclaimes
Belch't forth in tedious and distastfull stories (ries.
In th' deare bought purchase of her knowledge glo-

74

Become the certaine Almanacke of times
Vncertaine motion future qualities
Whose parched sinewes quauering doth chine
All in to their owne funerall Obsequies:
And being dead with base corruption swels,
Senting farre worse then any dunghill sinels.

75

When thy best season'd thoughts seeme to afford
Thee most content: forgetfull what is past,
Or yet to come, aske them but in a word
What it shall be, they'l thinke vpon at last?
Without all question they will answere thee
We shall repent our present vanitie.

76

Or when thy tongue the hearts interpreter
 Strikes up a false Alarm, ranshing
 Thy senses like a wanton Orator
 With scurrilous impollisht warbling,
 Thinke but on death and it will loone confute
 Thy strongest arguments and strike thee mute.

77

Or when thine eyes immodestly shall gaze
 On fading beauties curiositie
 Which either age, or accident may raze,
 And make more vgly then deformitie;
 Thinke how that beautie vnderneath doth weare
 Deaths pale-fac'd Liuey, which all mortals feare,

78

And she that takes her false intelligence
 From the deceitfull *Index* of a glasse
 Glad to be cozen'd in her owne defence
 Bid her reflect what euen now she was.
 Before that nature was abus'd by art,
 Helps not when death shall come to play his part,

79

'Tis not a borrowed looke or wanton glance
 Of an alluring eye that can diuert
 Th'inevitable fury of his Lance
 Nor all thy Courtly conges though thou wert
 Equall in beautie, breeding, and the rest
 Of womanish additions with the best.

And

80

And thou fond Lover looke into the graue
Of thy dead Mistis, and her lost condition,
Behold the Saintly beauty lately gaue
Such motives of respect and adoration
To thy inflamed thoughts; which did deuise.
To deifie't, thy selfe the sacrifice.

81

Calling her eyes the worlds all glorious lights
Thei splendor of whose Goddesse-like complexion
Gaue light sufficient to the darkest night
Vowing thy selfe a Slave to her affection,
Praising the lovely tresses of her haire
Inchanted threads of gold, delightfull snares.

82

Which held thee captive, in which bondage thou
Inioy' est most freedome, as thy selfe wast wont
With fearefull protestations to vow,
Casting each night a most exact account
Of her new purchast fauours, now intomb'd
Lies putrified, to loathsome stink consum'd.

83

Behold her hands vnto thy hands adioyn'd
Whose wanton fingers pretily did weaue
Themselves with mutuall amitie conioyn'd
Within thy fingers, whose moist palmes did leaue
In thine the witnesse of vbridled lust,
Are now consum'd to nothing, or to dust.

Doc

76

Or when thy tongue the hearts interpreter
 Strikes up a false Alarum, ravishing
 Thy senses like a wanton Orator
 With scurrilous impollisht warbling,
 Thinke but on death and it will soone confute
 Thy strongest arguments and strike thee mute.

77

Or when thine eyes immodestly shall gaze
 On fading beauties curiositie
 Which either age, or accident may raze,
 And make more vgly then deformitie;
 Thinke how that beautie vnderneath doth weare
 Deaths pale-fac'd Liuary, which all mortals feare.

78

And she that takes her false intelligence
 From the deceitfull *Index* of a glasse
 Glad to be cozen'd in her owne defence
 Bid her reflect what euen now she was
 Before that nature was abus'd by art,
 Helps not when death shall come to play his part.

79

'Tis not a borrowed looke or wanton glance
 Of an alluring eye that can diuert
 Th'inevitable fury of his Lance
 Nor all thy Courtly conges though thou wert
 Equall in beautie, breeding, and the rest
 Of womanish additions with the best.

And

80

And thou fond Lover looke into the graue
Of thy dead Mistris, and her lost condition,
Behold the Saintly beauty lately gaue
Such motives of respect and adoration
To thy inflamed thoughts, which did deuise
To deific't, thy selfe the sacrifice.

81

Calling her eyes the worlds all glorious lights
The splendor of whose Goddesse-like complexion
Gaue light sufficient to the darkest night
Vowing thy selfe a Slaue to her affection,
Praising the louely tresses of her haire
Inchanted threds of gold, delightfull snares.

82

Which held thee captiue, in which bondage thou
Inioy'dst most freedome, as thy selfe wast wont
With fearefull protestations to vow,
Casting each night a most exact account
Of her new purchast fauours, now intomb'd
Lies putrified, to loathsome consumption.

83

Behold her hands vnto thy hands adioyn'd
Whose wanton fingers pretily did weaue
Themselves with mutuall amitie conioyn'd
Within thy fingers, whose moist palmes did leaue
In thine the witnesse of vnbridled lust,
Are now consum'd to nothing, or to dust.

Doe

84

Doebut imagine that she were expos'd
 Set out withall the ornaments of Art
 For thee to sport thy selfe withall, inclos'd
 Within thine armes to act a louers part,
 Which so delightfull was but euen now
 Sealing each wanton promise with a vow.

85

No sighes would from fond Ielousie arise
 Within thy breast, for feare of her displeasure
 No obseruations how she cast her eyes
 On thy corriuall, or in what a measure
 She intertain'd his loue, but couldst betide,
 Him to repose in quiet by her side.

86

No wanton Poems in her praise are penn'd,
 No fauours worne, no drinking of her health,
 No challenges her honour to defend,
 Nor yet nocturnall visits made by stealth,
 No seruants brib'd, fond parents to deceiue,
 But free accessse without demanding leaue.

87

Where the Earths Common wealths men, each poore
 Into her priuate Bed-chamber repaires (worme
 And rudely rifles her religious vne,
 Makes no distinction twixt those precious wares
 So high'y priz'd but euen now, and those
 Which nature doth of courser stufte compose.

Or

88

Or when thy lips, hands, feet shall dare to touch
Forbidden fruit, or tread unhallowed paths
O: pallet is delighted ouermuch,
Or limbes, with curious dishes, wanton bathes,
Which for the present so thy fancie please,
In thy dull graue thou shalt find none of these.

89

Thinke when thy squemish smell not satisf'd
With such as nature freely doth produce
Takes it in snuffe, if that it be not cloy'd
With forc'd perfumes, vnnaturall stil'd iuice
Whose stinking carcasfe dead a day or two,
One hardly can approach within the view.

90

No maruell then though artificiall care
To natures imperfections we giue,
Since to our selues our selues more lothsome are
Then any other creature that doth liue
Which if we want with speed we buried are
Lest our corruption should infect the aire.

91

Why are we then so curiously cloth'd
With borrowed beauties, perriwigs, perfumes,
Deceitfull dressings, that shall soone be loath'd,
Eu'n of our selues, disrob'd of others plumes,
Put by the vaile which modestly doth hide
Immodest nature, and behold thy pride.

That

That body which was lately entertain'd
 With all varietie of daintie meate,
 Soft pillowes, beds of Downe, so richly chain'd,
 Wrapt warme from cold, laid open in the heate,
 On which the winds were scarce allow'd to blow,
 Of all the world neglected, lies full low.

Within the limits of a winding sheet
 Confin'd, both breathlesse, and disrob'd of all
 Those flattering ornaments from head to feet
 If one lament, ten glory in thy fall,
 Who by thy long life haue beene much perplex't,
 Although perhaps their owne turne shall be next.

But yet to die were nothing, if we could
 Our fowle misdeeds and sinfull acts intreate
 To stay behind vs, then no doubt we should
 Speed well enough, but O alas they threate
 Our euermlasting ruine, and will cry
 To heau'n for veng'ance, when we come to die,

Then drunkennesse will seeme a mortall sinne
 Which passeth now but for good fellowship;
 And Lechery be solemnly brought in
 As matter of damnation, which doth slip
 When we are well, but for a trick of youth:
 Till death we neuer truly know the truth.

96

Detraction then, that white-fac'd Deuill, sent
From hell, attired in a Saint-like weed
Pretending good, more cunningly to vent
Her malice, and for eu'ry graine of seed
Whole measures sowes of Cockell, will (I feare)
Like leprosie vpon thy soule appeare.

97

Which passeth now for table-talk, and serues
Them for discourse, else knew not what to say
To picke a thanke, and happily deserues
An inuitation the next holi-day
From those that listen after nouelties
And seldome but take vp with forged lies.

98

So easie of beliefe we are in things
Tend to another mans disparagement,
But he that any well-deseruing brings
In question, if he gaine tacit assent,
Tis all that he must looke for, as afraid
By others worths, our wants should be betraid.

99

The violating of a Fathers will,
Or trust repos'd in one friend by another,
Dam'd vsury now held a veniall ill,
Hypocrisie that doth all mischief smother,
As black as hell will in thy sight appeare,
And with remorse thy very heart-strings teare.

Each

100

Each triuiall transgression then will seeme
 A capitall offence, nor shall we be
 Backward to craue their pardon we esteeme
 Our chiefeft enemies, in all things free
 Both to knowledge and remunerate
 All iniuries, our tender conscience grate.

101

O could our liuing actions correspond
 But with our dying thoughts, how seldome then
 Should we transgresse, or violate the bond
 Which God and nature hath impos'd on men
 But O our resolutions then too strong
 When we are well seldome continue long.

102

Much like a fellow thats condemn'd to dye,
 For mildemeanour sues for a repruie
 An humble knee and pittie mouing eye,
 With heau'd vp hands (each to excell doth strue)
 Plead for their Lord, with whom they stand or fall,
 Who being inlarg'd proues often worst of all.

103

What *Cesar* is it when he comes to lie
 Vpon his death-bed, ready for the graue
 But he could wish that he had liu'd to die
 A holy Hermit in some hollow Caue,
 And spent those houres in pious meditations
 Were cast away in fruitlesse recreations.

What

104

What ioyes vs most and giueth best content
 Wealth, honour, beautie, valour, soueraigntie,
 When death approcheth, doth vs most torment
 And trench vpon our present miserie:

By how much we enioy whil'st that we liue,
 The greater is th' account we haue to giue.

105

It is not all thy gold can purchase then
 A minutes respite to repent, nor all
 The drugs Phisitions minister to men,
 Who doe themselues the helps of nature call
 Can spin out time (so preuaient is death)
 To giue thee leaue to breath another breath.

106

The mightie Monarch of the world, whose power
 No humane force can limit, here erects
 His *ne plus ultra*: Looke hene're so sower,
 Grim Death feares not his frownes nor force respects,
 Inexorable strikes him to the heart,
 Kils him stone dead before he feeles it smart.

107

Th' ambitious Statesman with his working braine,
 Th' officious Courtier, with forc'd complement,
 The Grand Madam with all her buxome traine
 Th' ingenious Sycophant, the male-content
 To plot, collogue, sport, gibe, repine, desist
 At deaths sad summons with a had I wist.

When

108

When all thy limmes are wrackt with dying paine,
 With cold dead sweat all couerde ouer, thinke
 What thornie thoughts will then distract thy braine,
 How many Cups of Sorrow thou wilt drinke,
 And sad repentance, when thou shalt behold,
 Thy sinnes as in a Catalogue inrold.

109

What then will pleasure and commodities
 Of this vaine world auaille thee, Princes fauours,
 Victorious conquests? 'gainst thine enemies,
 In office great, and by thy owne endeouours
 Thy Children, Kinsfolkes in abundance left,
 When thou poore soule shalt be of all bereft.

110

Imagine thou wast euen now to die
 (For so thou art for ought that thou canst tell)
 And then examine whether nothing lie
 Heauy vpon thy guiltie conscience well
 From all impartialitie be free,
 Then thinke each bell that toles, toles out for thee.

111

Vse but the selfe-same diligence thou wouldst
 In case thy body were infirme and ill
 For thy soules health (as reason good thou shouldst)
 Or for thy friends, how many are there will
 Ride day and night nay venter their owne liues
 To saue a friends when for the soule none strives?
 Doth

112

Doth but a finger ake, much more the head
Or stomacke be distemperd straight we runne
To a Physitian and recovered
What diligence those meates and drinckes to shunne
Procuring such infirmitie we vse
But proferd Phisick for our soules refuse.

113

Neglect th'anointed of our Lord, nay spit
The venome of our malice in the face
Of Church authoritie and slander it
To make our owne disorders no disgrace,
And ioy to spie a fault where there is none
In one of them, to mitigate our owne.

114

We thinke all cost too little we bestow
Vpon our selues, the greatest enemy
We haue, to hasten our owne ouerthrow
But poore halfe staruen mendicants deny
A slender almes, or if some few we giue,
Thinke it sufficient how so ere we liue.

115

A certaine good religious Prince being askt,
By one of his (a carelesse Courtier) why
From his delights, he so himselfe had taskt
And did not spend his dayes in lollitie
As others did? to whom he little said,
But by example thus his answer made.

First

116

First placing him vpon a rotten chaire
 Hung vp in cords, and vnderneath a fire,
 Ouer his head anaked sword, a haire,
 Supporting it, then said learne to aspire,
 And shew a cheerefull countenance, and be
 Merry thy selfe as thou inuitest me.

117

Who thus replyde, my Lord can I reioyce,
 Seeing the fatall period of my life
 Present with such varietie and choice
 Of casualties, on euery side me rise,
 A rotten seat, a fire vnderneath,
 A naked sword, all threatening present death.

118

Such is my case answer'd the Prince to him,
 My bodie weake, and doth each moment waste,
 Hell vnderneath the recompence of sinne,
 The sword of Iustice ouer me is plac't,
 These are the motives why I doe retire,
 Death, iudgement, heauen and hels eternall fire.

119

O foolish man that neuer wilt impose
 An end vnto thy follies, yet canst say
 Vnto thy selfe in priuate only those
 Shall smile in death who neuer ran that way;
 Then wrong not so thy iudgement as to doe
 What thine owne conscience pleads thee guilty to.
 But

120

But some the better to aduance their folly,
Discourse of death, and they reply, youle put
Me straight into a fit of Melancholy,
Flinging away in anger, or else shut
Their eares, and wish you alter your discourse,
Or basely iest you out on'r, which is worse.

121

Others not only grumble when they heare
Of death, but if you chance to bring their age
In question (though perhaps they be not neere
Gray haire) will enter strait into a rage
Challenge your breeding, nothing else digest
But their owne commendations, merit least.

122

These are the carelesse crew of Libertines
Spending their dayes in sensualitie,
Hauing no other end in their designs,
Of whom thus holy *Iob* doth prophesie:
Amidst their pleasures and delights they dwell,
And in a moment are thrust downe to hell.

123

O fearefull sentence, able to awake
A sinne sicke soule though nere so fast asleepe,
Cause the religious Anchorite to quake,
And every minute his pale visage sleepe
With brinish teares, since only life and death
Are separated with a little breath.

An-

Authore incognito.

THreescore and ten the life and age of man
 In holy *Dauids* eye was but a span.
 And halfe that time is lost and spent in sleepe,
 So only thirty five for vs we keepe,
 Our dayes of youth must be abated all,
 Childhood and youth wise *Salomon* doth call
 But vanitie, for vanitie he sayes,
 Is what befalls vs in our childish dayes.
 Our dayes of age we take no pleasure in,
 And those of sorrow wish had neuer bin.
 So age deducted, youth and sleepe and sorrow,
 Only one span is all the life we borrow.

What can the World aduance vs, though we should
 Be numberd amongst those cald fortunate,
 We are but cast within the finer mould,
 And made more brickell, greatnesse of estate
 Doth but augment our cares, preferment winne
 Of popular applause, which nurtures sinne.

And puffes thee vp like to a windie bladder
 Toft in the ayrie Element of fame,
 So by degrees thou climst the fatall Ladder
 Making thy fall the greater and thy shame.
 O feele thy pulse, the horologue of time
 Which doth each minute more or lesse untwine.

127

Industrious nature hath not beene so free
In her indowments thou shouldst be so proud,
Allotting euery liuing thing but thee,
Wherewith they may defend themselves; and shrowd
Their nakednesse; man only left to reason,
Which once infringed he's guilty of high treason.

128

When hellish thoughts thy easie yeelding will
Transport, for profit or for pleasures sake,
Without reflection be it good or ill,
Iust, or vniust, that thou dost vndertake,
Reflect vpon the comfort thou shalt haue
Of th'one, or th'other, in thy ioylesse graue.

129

Thinke but how many houres thou hast spent
In furbushings a painted peece of clay
When few or none were to deuotion lent.
And what small comfort it will be that day:
Thy guiltie soule her fatall doome to heare,
Before the Iudge of Iudges shall appeare.

130

But that which doth deceiue vs chiefly is
Vaine hope of a long life, deferring still
From time to time (nor thinke we doe amisse)
Consideration of our death, vntill
Old age but he that is not apt to day,
To morrow will be lesse, more apt to stray.

D

Beside

131

Besides no humane diligence can steere
 A course so even through the rugged Seas
 Of this tempestuous Ocean, be we neere
 So vigilant, but whilst we studie these,
 Now those disasters (boding death) to shun,
 Vnto our graues with greater speed we run.

132

For feare of some contagious pestilence,
 We flie from this place, and relinquish that,
 No harbor yeilds a secure residence,
 That is not subiect to be leueld at
 By millions of mischances, though we flie
 From th' articke, to th' antarticke, we must die.

133

Some scarce on this, on that more freely feed,
 For each man's held to be his owne Physition,
 And all is but to die with greater heed,
 Things oft repeated makes the deep'st impression,
 So death's to him most terrible of all
 Taketh most paines t'anticipate his fall.

134

The painfull ploughman laboureth to eat,
 And doth esteeme his Physick best of all,
 Then eats to labour till he drop with sweat,
 Without obseruing any principall
 Of *Gallen*, or *Hipocrates*, whom hee
 Values no more then his old axeltree.

But

135

But cries rise early, goe to bed betimes,
Feed hard, and hardly, labour for digestion,
And hath no leasure to be bad, all crimes
Includes in warre, dearth, famine and oppression,
Thinketh who scapes them, and obserues the rest,
May write a hundred ere he die at least.

136

But what auails such dull securitie
Wherein he liues, or rather dreames away
Irreuocable time, when as wee see
Him dead and buried ere his grasse be hay,
Before the graine which his owne hands had sowne
Be fully ripe, and is by others mowne.

137

When thy bewitching bed inuites sweet rest,
After the toyle some trauels of the day,
'Tis but an cimbleme of thy graue, exprest
In finer colours, and more rich aray,
By the soft pillow swelling on each side,
Thy drowlie head, a greene turfe speccifide,

138

The silken vaines which seeme to banish light
Doe represent thy herse, their rings the bells,
Which drawne stand for thy passing peale that night,
The Couerlite which round about thee swells,
Thy rising graue resembles which ore growne
With grasse, scarce by thy dearest friends is knowne.

D 2

And

139

And if perchance a bed-fellow thou haue
 According to thy hearts desire chosen,
 What is it, but two bodies in one graue,
 Replete with heate: the other cold and frozen:
 So farre we are mistaken whilst the Sunnes (runnes,
 Beames scorch; but marke not how the shadowe

140

For one of these remou'd perhaps within
 A moneth or two another doth possesse
 The place scarce cold (as no such thing had bin
 Forgot) enioying all that happinesse
 Thou for a time call'dst thine; but now interr'd
 Into thy place another is preferr'd.

141

Besides the certaine period of mans life
 By course of nature incident to all,
 How many fearefull accidents more rise
 Then all diseases set together, call
 Vs hence at vnawares, whilst that we be
 In th'hight of glorie and prosperitie.

142

Obserue the common currents of the time,
 Enquire what newes (which nature doth desire)
 And thou shalt heare of some one in the prime
 Of youth and nature murder'd, or by fire,
 Or water, ended, his vntimely race
 The worlds no mansion but a baiting place.

Great

143

Great *Iulius Caesar* in the Capitall
When he had conquer'd all the world was slaine,
Who came more like a God vnto his fall
(So did proud *Rome* her Victor intertaine)
Then a poore mortall, to breath forth his life
By the fell passage of a fatall knife.

144

So did braue *Frances Henry* third, and fourth,
(Nor let vs name the last without a teare)
In whose true noble breast was lodg'd all worth
That from a Prince might challenge loue, or feare,
Whose towring thoughts to such things did aspire,
He may be said a man compos'd of fire.

145

But why should we the limits of our owne
Vnhappy Iland violate, to find
Examples, as if we had none at whom,
Our second *Edward, Richard*, call to minde:
Nor let vs leaue a *Buckingham* forgotten;
Whose marrow boyling bones are hardly rotten.

146

To you fond men these lines I dedicate
Who feare to die, whose moderne pastimes sway
Your giddie thoughts, r'vnfold the booke of fate
And view what we were once and what to day,
And what we shall be, how things ebbe and flow
Through obuious paths vsfit for vs to know.

Be-

Beleeue and loue, admire and adore,
 More knowledge by an humble resignation
 We purchase then by often turning ore,
 Th' inscrutable designes of our Creation.
 What by experience we may daily learn
 Sufficient is mans frailtie to discern.

Ouidij Lib. 15.

Most exquisitely Englished by Master
 GEORGE SANDYS.

DOth not the Image of our age appeare,
 In the successiue quarters of the yeare,
 The spring-tide tender, sucking infancie
 Resembling, then the iucefull blade sprouts high,
 Though tender weake, hope to the Ploughman yeelds,
 All things then flourish; flowers the gaudie fields
 With colours paint, no vertus yet in leaues,
 Then following Summer greater strength receiues
 A lusty youth, no age more strenght acquires,
 More fruitfull or more burning in desires.
 Mature Autumne heate of youth alaid.
 The sober meane, twixt youth and age more staid,
 And temperate in Sommers waine repaires
 His reuerent Temples, sprinkled with gray haire.
 Then comes old Winter void of all delight
 With trembling steps, his head, or bald, or white,
 So change our bodies without rest or stay,
 What we were yesterday, not what to day

Shall

Shall be to morrow, once alone of men,
 The seed and hope the wombe our mansion, then
 Kind nature shew'd her cunning, not content
 That our vext bodies should be longer pent
 In Mothers stretched entralls, forthwith beare
 Them from the prison to the open aire,
 We strengthlesse lye when first of light posselt,
 Straight creepe vpon all foure much like a beast;
 Then staggering with weake nerues stand by degrees,
 And by some stay support our feeble knees.
 Now lusty, swiftly runne, youth quickly spent,
 And those our middle times incontinent
 We sinke in setting age, this last deuoures
 The former, and demoliseth their powers.
 Old *Milo* wept when he his Armes beheld
 Which late the strongest beast in strength exceld,
 Bigge as *Alcides* brawnes, in flagidie hide,
 Now hanging by slacke sinewes, *Helen* cride
 When she beheld her wrinckles in a glasse,
 And askt her selfe why she twice rauisht was.

149

Thus did the heathen rightly contemplate
 (Without the abstruse misteries of faith)
 Vpon the mutabilitie and state
 Of mans mortalitie; wherein he hath
 Discreetly taught vs Christians what to doe,
 Reflecting what must certainly ensue.

Which

150

Which if we did so many would not runne
 Such headlong courses to their owne perdition
 But strue with earnest diligence to shunne
 Those things which passe for mirth and recreation,
 And not conceiue that time lost or mispent
 Not dedicated to some meriment.

151

For know that man to Gods owne Image fram'd,
 Indu'd with reason, and supernall grace,
 Was but here plac'd by his Creator (uam'd
 Lord o're all other creatures) for a space,
 To serue as't were his prentiship, that hee
 (His precepts kept) of Heauen might make him free

152

And not to liue and die like beasts, whose soules
 Transcend no farther then their bodies goe,
 Gouvern'd by sence, whom nothing else controls
 But mans prerogatiue, and their owne woe.
 For were it so (which for to think's a fume)
 Better for man 't were neuer to haue bin.

153

Since not to know what knowne must be forgotten
 (For what we neuer had cannot be lost)
 A great deale better is besides paines taken
 To liue, with worldly crosses is so saus'd,
 That were our pleasures measured with our paine,
 Few would the one, the other to regaine.

Only

154

Only the hope of heauen in vs hath
So great a stroke, by miracle confirm'd,
The radicall foundation of our faith,
By stedfast hope and charitie discern'd,
That to a man who weighes all things aright
To die's to liue, to liue 's but small delight.

155

Yet too too many whom bewitching wealth,
Soule-killing honour, momentany pleasures,
Inuest, with an addition of good health,
Would hardly earths exchange for heauculy treasures,
Such is the dull stupiditie of those
Whose faith no farther then their knowledge goes.

156

Still leath to die, though *Charons* boat hath staid
Full quarter ebbe; gray haire, greene thoughts retaine,
With no infirmity of age dismaid.
Though scarce the figure of a man remaine,
Both Dotards, toothlesse, grisselesse, and bald,
Naffy, crook-backt, in euery member gald.

157

These are so coltish that they die their haire,
Weare Periwigs, shawe themselues twice aday,
Ingrast new teeth within their heads which were
Writhen from some Hogs chaps; disport and play,
With a yong Pigs nyc, as if nature sent
A fresh supply of what before was spent.

But

But as in weaknesse, so in wickednesse,
 Doe your old doting women beare the bell
 Though nere so much appaild with age, expresse
 Their good will striuing euer to excell
 Your fondest Wanton, in whose mouthes still rise
 The Prouerbe for their warrantie. Lifes Life.

Dawbing their slaggie cheekes, anoint their nerues,
 Stand poring in a glasse, expose their dugges,
 Prouoke stale nature with restoritiues;
 Write loue letters, dance galliards, with their drugges,
 And tempting gold, insight some smooth fac't boy,
 In that which is loues remedie to ioy.

Tell these of death, that one foots in the graue,
 Vnto the market (straight they will be bold
 To answere) comes (so many shifts they haue)
 The yong sheep-skin as soone as doth the old.
 Thus nuzeld in their sensualitie
 Towards death and hell they poR on merrily.

The husbandman t'exchange a barten soile
 My with much ease and pleasure be pertwaded,
 In hope of better, where his daily toile
 With equall profit may be richly laded,
 But where small profit and lesse pleasures taken.
 Thats without great repugnancie forsaken.

162

For he whose loe roost fortune doth afford
Him only necessary maintenance,
And can his mind to such small meanes accord,
Liues truly happy, and with confidence
Meets death halfe way, in hope soone to possesse
A Kingdome of eternall happinesse.

163

Only the poore Religious man enioyes
What we with so much diligence pursue;
Who all things deemes as necessary toys
That vnder heauen can come within his view.
So that in fine the matter well debated
We cannot say he dies, but is translated.

164

No tempting titles, nor bewitching wealth,
No costly eates, food only to preserue
Decrepid nature, and maintaine good health,
The better to enable him to serue
His Lord and maker he desires; whose store,
Doth totally consist in being poore.

165

He thats to grapple with his enemy,
Slips of his looser garments, and betakes
Him to his trowles. Superfluitie
Of temporall additions likewise makes
Vs more vnapt and weaker to withstand
Hellish temptations euer more at hand.

He

166

The greatest Monarch when he comes to die;
 And that poore puffe of breath he breathes exhal'd,
 Tell me what is he more then thou or I
 A stinking carcasfe, wither'd and appal'd,
 Only wrapt vp within a finer sheet,
 More helpes of art apply'd to keepe it sweet.

167

It makes a greater blunder in the world,
 More ioyfull mourning Liueries are worne,
 Some few deneires amongst the vulgar hurl'd,
 A score or two of torches more are borne
 Before his herse, more hymnes, and dirges sung,
 More ceremonie vs'd; more bells are rung.

168

And in the Chuch a richer tombe shall haue,
 Where none but Kings and Queenes haue been interr'd
 Of his owne Line; yet all is but a graue
 Before the rest on's neighbours graues prefer'd,
 Most for the golden superficies deem'd,
 So superficiall men are most esteem'd.

169

A mercenarie Epitaph his Shrine
 Shall grace, more for the Poets praise then his;
 Which shall not be engraue'd on yours or mine,
 But what aduantage hath he by all this?
 He's the vnworthy burthen of a wombe,
 That nothing leaues behinde him but a Tombe.

Tis

170

'Tis true Kings haue their Chronicles, wherein
For one good deed ten bad ones are recorded,
If they haue any priuiledge therein
Let no man grutch it should be them affoorded,
May my good actions with my bad ones die,
Rather then flourish with my infamy.

171

But great ones greater priuiledges craue,
Wherefore I know not, and growne confident
Doe any thing, for which they can but haue
Any, though neere so slightly president.
We heed not mens religions but their liues,
Example more then precept edifies.

172

Though we looke nere so sterne, be nere so stout,
Though nere so valiant, full of active slight,
Though nere so wittie, cautelous and yong,
The glory of a Nation and delight,
Nature to such securitie doth giue
Ten thousand wayes to die, but one to liue.

173

The poore thatcht cottage can as soone repell
Deaths furious implacabilitie,
As can the *Louner*, or th' *Escuriell*,
And with a great deale more facilitie.
Saint *Angelo*, *Diogenes* tub, with like
Successe and resolution doth it strike.

Pla-

174

Plutarch vpon Scipio.

*Deniſto Hannibale, capta Carthagine, & auſto
Imperio, hoc cineres Marmore teſtus habet,
Cui non Europe, non obſtitit Africa quondam,
Reſpice res hominum quam brevis trua premit.*

175

Plutarch vpon Scipio.

Fierce Hannibal orecome Carthage surpriz'd,
His Empire much augmented's here compriz'd,
Whom Africa, not Europe could withſtand,
Behold man brought vnto a narrow ſtrand.

176

Waue-mounting veſſels with a full-ſtretcht ſaile,
Though rigg'd and tackeld nere ſo well, at laſt
When Scilla, not Caribdis can preuaile,
With wormes of their owne generation waſte.
Though all externall accidents we ſcape,
Nature it ſelfe will perpetrate the rape.

177

When David felt his boſome ſwell with pride,
(A man according vnto Gods owne heart)
Thus he began himſelfe, himſelfe to chide,
Doſt thou not know poore creature what thou art,
Naked thou caameſt into the world with paine,
From whence thou naked ſhall returne againe.

Pbi.

178

Philip a King of *Macedon*, we reade
With this inscription daily was saluted
Leaving his lodgings, that he might take heed,
The better what with his great weaknesse shuted.

Remember man that thou art mortall Still
To subiugate a Refractorie will.

179

Great *Cbrales* sed fiftene beggers every day,
With his owne hands, 'an antidote for pride,
Which spectacle would Princes duly lay
Before their eyes so many would not guide
The Sterne of State so Imperiously, but know
The debt is equall that we mortals owe.

180

Henry the Second King of *France* was slaine
With one poore spill flew from a broken speare
In th' hight of triumphs, caus'd to entertaine
His Daughters Nuptiall, when he least did feare
Deaths fierce assault who finds as many doores
To enter in, as we haue nerues and pores.

181

Tarquin was merry when a small fish bone
Stucke in his throat and choakt him, so we reade
Of *Fabius* with one small haire alone,
Swallow'd in milke was instantly found dead.
Set these sad spectacles before thine eye,
And let thy soule misdeeds before thee die.

Time

182

Time past thou canst not properly call thine;
 Of that to come thou hast least certaintie,
 Not sure to liue one minute, so in fine
 Amidst of all thy iourallitie,
 One only point of nimble footed time,
 Is all thou hast to bragge on, or call thine:

183

How many goe vnto their quiet rest,
 In perfect health of bodie and of minde;
 Resolu'd to be the next day at some feast,
 Or merriment, expecting there to find
 All things that may administer delight,
 Who disappointed are by death that night.

184

The ioyfull Bridegroome to the Church repaires,
 With his faire Mistris, brighter then the Sunne,
 And for no cost that may delight her spares,
 Proud of the prize with difficulty wonne,
 Who liue not both (although together wed)
 To taste the pleasures they imagined.

185

The greedie griping Purchaser oft times
 Giues earnest for the soyle he neere enioyes,
 And he that plants the Vineyard, prunes the Vines,
 All his endeouours totally imployes
 To see it flourish neither tastes the wine,
 Nor eates the grapes, for which he spent his time.

The

186

The Clyents sees the Lawyer pleads; the cause
Rests with the Iudge in his most priuate brest
For good or bad successe; as he doth pause
Vpon the matter death doth him arrest,
Tels him the verdict ynder hand and scale
Against himselfe is past, without repeale.

187

*Nugamus mortemque procul, procul esse putamus,
At medijs latet hac abdita visceribus,
Scilicet ex illa qua primum nascimur hora,
Prorepunt iuncto vitæque morsque pede.
Partem aliquam furtim, qua se metitur & ipsa,
De vita filo qualibet hora rapit.
Paulatim morimur momento extinguimur uno,
Ut lampas oleo deficiente perit.*

188

We trifle as if death were nothing nie,
When it doth lurking in our bowels lie,
For hand in hand from our first houres birth
Death walkes with life, to qualifie our mirth,
Stealing each minuite though perceiu'd by none,
Part of lifes clue, to lengthen out her owne.
So by degrees we in a moment die,
As when a Lampe for want of oyle growes drie.

E

The

189

The Deuill casts such mists before our eyes
 That what is neereſt we thinke fartheſt of,
 Beliefe ſoone enters where deſire lies;
 Which makes vs looke on Funerals and laſſe.
 Although we ſee our fellowes daily die
 Promise vnto our ſelues eternitie.

190

Obiecting what cauſ'd this, what that mans death.
 Who elſe had liued many a faire yeare,
 Reflecting not we draw the ſelfe ſame breath,
 And lyable to thoſe miſhaps they weare,
 Nor that the yong ſheepe commeth from the fold
 As ſoone vnto the ſlaughter, as the old.

191

A thiefe condemn'd to die although he goe
 Vnto the place where he muſt ſuffer death.
 Farther then doth his fellowes, or more ſlow,
 Knowes he muſt die, and his protracted breath
 But multiplies his miſeries, well knowing
 Though he goe nere ſo ſlowly yet he's going.

192

And when thou waking lieſt in thy bed,
 How often doſt thou heare the paſſing bell
 For ſome departing ſoule not fully dead,
 Perchance ſome friend thou loueſt deerely well
 With whom not long before thou oſt haſt bin
 Copartner in ſome execrable ſin.

When

193

When discontents our vexed soules oppresse,
We value it a happinesse no more
To breath this loathsome ayre; forgot, no lesse
Forward in folly then we were before
Only those freely may reioyce in death
Who with content, drew discontented breath.

194

How many brought (to vie the common phrase)
During this momentary Pilgrimage
Euen to deaths doore, returning in a maze
Make holy vowes to heauen, and engage
Their soules for true performance, which within
One monthes forgot as no such thing had bin.

195

Sea-faringmen, with timorous passengers,
Who saile within an inch of death each houre
When *Neptune* roresth' frighted soules deters,
How Saint like will they out petitions power,
But calme the waues becomming smooth and euen
Drinke drunke, and sweare, as they'd pull God from
(heauen.

196

How penitent, how humble and submisse,
A sicknesse shaken sinner thou shalt see,
That one would sweare he nere would doe amisse
Againe for all the world, recouer'd hee
Sooner forgets it then a childe the rod,
And violates his plighted troth to God.

E 2

Thrice

187

Thrice happy soules who only liue to breath
 The little time of innocencie forth,
 Whose harmeleffe thoughts did euer saile beneath
 The knowledge of the base worlds little worth!
 He that is borne to day, and dies to morrow,
 Looseth some houres of ioy, but moneths of sorrow.

188

Had *Pryam* dy'd before the walls of *Troy*
 Dismantled weare, or *Paris*, *Helene* scene,
 He had gone to his Sepulchre with ioy,
 Old *Hecuba* beene buried a Queene;
Anchises need not to haue fought a shore
 T'interre his bodie, had he dy'd before.

189

Do not we daily heauen importune
 (Though indirectly through a vaine delusion
 And greedie appetite) for wealth, which soone
 Becomes the Author of our owne confusion.
 The humble Cottage pouertie loth guard,
 Nor stands in need of either watch or ward.

200

Who would not be a second *Cicero*,
 Or sweet tongu'd *Onid*, or *Demosthenes*,
 Whose too much worth wrought their owne ouer-
 Sick men desire what's worst for their disease, (throw)
 Then death there's nothing we can lesse endure,
 Yet wish those things which our own deaths procure.

Pre-

201

Preheminencie is but enuies pray,
Be it in wealth, wit, beaurie, eloquence,
To want, pride, lust, ambition making way,
'Gainst which there is no bulwarke of defence,
Nature nere fram'd an excellence to great,
Death could not studie some way to defeat.

202

Tis strange to see what stratagems men vse
To propagate decaying Families.
When nature doth her common helpes refuse
By rebaptizing their lost progenies,
Their names entayling (for a time good stands)
Vpon their female issue with their lands.

203

And sometimes when the lawfull linage that
For many ages hath continu'd falls,
In-steps some bastards peremptory brat
And his propostrous progeny installs.
Death no distinction makes, in whose hands lies
The certaine ruine of all Families.

204

Nor priuate men and Families destroyes,
But Kings and Kingdomes throwes vnto the ground,
Hugh *Babels* bulke, *Hierusalem* and *Troyes*
Admired strength, whose memories are found
Alone in bookes, so thou proud *Rome* shalt fall,
Who call'st thy selfe the Supreme head of all.

No-

205

Nothing retaines its pristine state, but still
 Some change or mutabilitie is found,
 New Cities built, the old decay'd, nor will
 The settled Kingdome on this massie round
 Subsist, but shall to others be transfer'd
 By course of time their memories inter'd.

206

The World's the rode, and we the passengers,
 Are billeted at severall Innes, the Crowne
 Some entertaines, and for Embassadors
 The Angell is reserv'd, others goe downe
 Vnto the Miter, or the Cardinals hat,
 Some to the Plough, some vnto this, some that.

207

Our iournies end is either heauen or hell,
 To which we all must first or last attaine,
 Heauen prepar'd for those liue and die well,
 And hell the wicked destin'd to restraine,
 Not for a certaine or prefixed time,
 In this most blest, or that accursed clime.

208

And doth not this wise Worldlings you concerne!
 Who make religion but a stalking-horse,
 And can at euery alteration *Perne*,
 Nor eate, nor drinke, nor sleepe a pin the worse.
 Whom some vntimely death like to a frost
 In Summer nips, so all your glories lost.

What

209

What wouldst thou giue when gifts will not preuaile,
 What wouldst thou do when neither strength nor time
 Of doings left, when death shall thee assaile,
 And blast thy forward hopes euen in their prime,
 Examine the defects of other men, (then.
 And doe those things which they would haue done

210

You that broach Schifines, and damned Heresies,
 Sell your owne soules for sensualitie,
 To magnifie your dunghill progenies,
 Teach others for your owne ends libertie.
 Reflect vpon the doctrine you will teach
 Vpon your death-beds, and the selfefanie preach.

211

Wrong not the all beleeuing Laitie
 Strooke with a two houres preach into a qualme,
 Thinke all deuotion, zeale, and pietie,
 Consisteth in the singing of a Psalme,
 And turning ore the Bible, which I feare
 More in their hands, then in their hearts they weare.

212

So blind men iudge of colours, babies chuse
 The gaudie out-side of a bitter sweet,
 But good and wholsome sustenance refuse;
 More for their health and weake digestion meete,
 So did *Vlysses* cunningly obtaine
Achilles armes, his armes could not sustaine.

Re

213

Be Pastors, and not prators, feed your sheepe
 With wholesome harmeles doctrine, feed not on them,
 Nor let them wade alone into the deepe,
 If for them youle not pray, prey not vpon them,
 It is the chiefeſt ornament of Art
 To teach both th' actiue and the paſſiue part.

214

Gull not the World with an vnbleſt beliefe,
 As great Ones doe, if they are not bely'd,
 To thinke an outward Senſitiue the chiefe
 Perfection. Gold before its purifi'd
 Retaines much drosse nor will for currant goe
 Although it ſeeme moſt perfect to the ſhow.

215

Behold ſond worldlings one but euen now
 In prime of nature and contentious wealth,
 Strook with ſome ſudden chance no man knowes how,
 At vnawares; death euer comes by ſtealth,
 Vpon his lamentable death-bed lying
 With all the poſtures of a man thats dying.

217

Deepe ſighes and grones, his colour pale and waune;
 No moyſture left to coole his parched tongue,
 The bloud dri'd vp which in his blew vaines ranne,
 His feeble limbes with nerues and arctures ſtrong
 Vnable to ſupport each other now,
 And in their ſeuerall offices to bow.

His

216

His eyes growne hollow, and his sinewes drie,
Haire from his head, nailes from his fingers fret
No part escapes, tormented he doth lie,
The panges of death, distils prodigious sweat,
Life to the heart for succour straight retyring
Who first receiu'd her, lastly leaues it dying.

217

Meane while th'amazed multitude he wils
By his example to be vigilant,
And carefull in their wayes, whose eares he fills:
With wholsome counsell, how they should preuent
This mischiefe, that occasion, he imparts
In zeale, which neuer penetrates their hearts.

218

Through obuious paths his wandring thoughts ama-
Sets them on shore amidst his worldly blisses, (zed
On whose vaine objects he so fondly gazed,
And now too late ten thousand times he wishes,
His shatter'd vessell ready to be split,
With more discretion he had gouern'd it.

219

Then you the witnesse of his youthfull folly,
Base Adulators, and Associates
He blames, were wont to purge his melancholy
(For so you call deuotion) at such rates
As now his guiltie soule forc'd to be gone
At so short warning grieues to thinke vpon.

Doubt-

220

Doubtfull what the euent will be, confides
 In him alone on whom we all relie,
 Whose mercies more then all his workes besides,
 Who neuer doth a penitent denie
 That humbly begs, though it be nere so late
 For his transgressions nere so desperate.

221

The soule departed what remains behind,
 A loathsome carcasse, by the diligence
 Of louing neighbours decently instrin'd,
 Which other wayes would yeild no small offence;
 Hard-hearted creatures that can daily doe
 Such things, which no impression leaue in you.

222

Conuaid with expedition to the tombe
 Dust vnto dust the greedy pillagers
 And Common-wealths men of our mothers wombe
 Impatient blame their slothfull Haruengers
 Who giue vs vp amidst our funerall rites,
 To quench the furie of their appetites.

223

Crawling into the seuerall passages
 Of our dead bodies, sometimes throw the head,
 At their owne freedome worke their Voyages,
 Throw heart, loines, liuer, Epicure like fed,
 On which they feast, in which each one resides,
 Pitching his tents, as since their progresse guides.

Our

224

Our *Microcosme* pillag'd, ransackt, sackt,
 Rayning the siege leaue only in the roome
 The stragling ruines of so foule a fact,
 To time, which they themselves could not consume,
 Which oft by others are digg'd vp to find
 The hidden mysteries are left behind.

225

Some deuote person purchaseth thy skull,
 On which in's Closet he doth meditate,
 Sayes here were lips, eyes, all these hollowes full
 Of wanton flesh, and sparkling blood of late,
 Now only serues me for a looking glasse
 To see that I am now what this once was.

226

Thus shalt thou be tormented in thy graue,
 Flowted and geered, thy flesh consum'd, thy bones
 Scatter'd abroad, on which poore mortals haue
 No more regard then of so many stones
 Whose stony hearts such objects neuer stirre
 Nor from the least of wickednesse deterre.

227

Some sauage beasts deuoure, as we doe them,
 To fowles and fishes others are expos'd,
 Who by degrees returne to vs againe
 First in a thousand seuerall shapes inclos'd,
 For whatsoever is compos'd of earth's
 The same, throughout innumerable formes & birthes.
 Suppose

328

Suppose thou haue the happinesse to die
 In thine owne Country, at thy proper home,
 And in thy fathers Sepulcher to lie,
 Preferu'd for his owne Family alone.

He that shall come to seeke thee there shall find
 Naught but a ruin'd carcasse, left behind.

329

The poore remainder of thy wanton flesh,
 Which scarce the figure of a man retaines,
 No humane application can refresh,
 Nor sparkling bloud runs in thy parched vaines,
 Nor vncfast thoughts the wanton heate returne,
 Wherewith inflam'd thy sinfull youth did burne.

330

Base is the entertainment thou dost giue
 Thy liuing friends resort to visit thee,
 In stead of sweet perfumes (when thou didst liue
 And fluent words of course, then deeds more free)
 Distilling forth infectious vapours, such
 No man thy carcasse can endure to touch.

331

By how much more with choice fare thou wert fed,
 Whilest thou wast liuing here on earth, thou art
 So much the more distastfull being dead,
 If secundarie meanes no helpe impart,
 For the corruption of the best things, thinke,
 Make but the greater and the dearer stinke.

The

232

The most deformedst miserable wretch,
The earth inhabits, breath's the selfe-same aire,
The selfe-same bloud our swelling arctures stretch,
Runs in his vaines though nere so well we fare,
Though not inflam'd with so much actiue heate,
Nor doe his pulses with that vigor beate.

233

Here nature ends her storie, fame the rest
Lodg'd in the liuing memories of men
Preserues, and he that hath deserued best
Scarce escapes the frumpe of some malicious pen;
Which though it cannot to the world deface him,
Will wracke its utmost power to disgrace him.

234

The graue Diuine shall flourish in the Schooles,
Th' Historian be gratefull vnto all,
The wanton Poet only amongst fooles,
All bodies both Ecclesiasticall
And Politique, their chiefe supporters strue
T' immortalize, their fame preseru'd aliue;

235

Of which the soule participates alone
Without the body, not yet glorified,
According to the measure which the one
Or th' others labours benefit confide,
Likewise the soule of him shall tortur'd be
Leaues workes behind him of impletie.

Kings

236

Kings haue their Chronicles, and so shall those
 Liu'd famous in their times, the vulgar die
 Whose obscure liues nor challenge verse nor prose,
 Some seeke to raise their fame from infamy,
 So *Herostratus* kindl'd with desire
 Of fame, *Dianas* Temple set on fire.

237

How impiously prouident men are
 To purchase a selfe perpetuities,
 Which way it comes they doe not greatly care,
 So they be famous, though in infamie,
 I know not by what fate or fury led
 Ambitious to be talkt of when th' are dead.

238

Steepe thy dull soule in that Celestiall dew
 The heauens distill'd vpon the drooping earth
 For her lost Landlords, through those Stigmats hew
 Thy way to heauen, by a second birth;
 Aduance the Ensigne of our Saviour Iesus
 On which he dy'd, from death and hell to ease vs.

239

Then mayst thou smiling looke death in the face
 Ten thousand times and neuer be afraid,
 'Tis want of faith fore-stalleth offer'd grace,
 And is the cause so many are dismay'd.
 Striuing to haue (so stupid is poore man)
 As much heere of their heauen as they can.

Which

240

Which men would neuer doe did they beleue
What they professe the ploughman would not toyle
Were he not sure of something to releue
His wife and children (when he tills his soyle)
The next yeare after, nor the footman run
But for his hire when the iournies done.

241

If men were confident of heauen and hell,
Other then in a superficial way,
They would not loyter as they doe, nor sell
Saluation for the pleasure of a day.
He were a mad-man would refuse a Crowne
For taking vp, when it is laid him downe.

242

What were the troubles, discontents and griefe,
We suffer in this transitorie life
Compar'd with heauen, had we but belife,
T would breake the necke of all contentious strife,
Those frozen Characters the world infest
Of thine, and mine, would be in small request.

243

Church-men would not be couetous, and more
Ambitious then any other men,
Their Symonie would soone be giuen ore,
To which the Clarke would gladly say *Amen*,
Whereby it doth appeare in fine, that all
Their faith at most is but Apochryphall.

The

244

The griping Miser would not forsets take
Of other mens estates at halfe the worth,
Bugger his Gold, nor it his Idoll make,
The fruits which infidelitie bring forth.

Who would not change, might he continue here,
With God Almighty for his Hemisphere.

245

Court Favourites would not then temporize
For their owne ends, imbrace all shapes, all formes,
All postures, all religions, sacrifice
Themselves vnto the Deuill to raise stormes
Amongst the monster multitude, who send
Them with remorselesse curses to their end.

246

The wanton Lady would not make her bed,
The common hospitall of brutish lust,
Her wombe the sepulcher of vnborne dead,
Nor lawfull heires from their possessions thrust
By that adulterate issue she bestowes
Vpon her husband vn suspected goes.

247

The Citie Mushroom would not sweare and lie
Himselfe into a liuing, which he leaues
Vnto ill prospering posteritie,
Who fathers wealth and mothers wit receiues,
By which created either Lords or Ladies,
Beget a brood of hopefull halfe barcht babies.

The

248

The *Machinillian* would not vex his braine
To put in practice his Atheisticall
And damn'd positions, did he but retaine
A faith two steps aboute historicall,
Who holds Religion (till he come to die)
Merely the subiect of State policie.

249

The Lawyer would not plead his Clients cause,
As Mules beare burthens sed still as they goe,
Or else stand like an Asse, with hummes and haughes,
Tell him he starues it, that he is too slow
In prosecution, when in deed the want
Is only that he thinkes his fees too scant,

250

The daintie damsell would not doe those things
Her mother would haue blusht t' haue thought vpon
And call it breeding; that shee Deuill brings
All out of order in our Nation,
So impudent Our female sex's are growne
That by their garb they scarce from men are known,

251

And thou damn'd Atheist bruter then are brutes
Who daily laud and prayse (each in his kind)
Their Lord, which all thy arguments confutes
The hell-hatch issue of a deuillish mind,
Looke vp to heauen, thou need'st no other story
To speake him God, and manifest his glory.

F

The

252

The infant waters gushing from the rockes
 Imprisoning cauerns murmur as they steere
 Their head-long course, one to another flockes,
 And as they draw vnto their end more neere
 More stubborne grow, and more vnruely then
 Before, which is most incident to men.

253

One soother another vp in wickednesse,
 And presidents for precepts are maintain'd,
 Many offenders makes th'offence seeme lesse,
 And custome is not easily restrain'd,
 'Till habits frame excuses, they ingraft
 A second nature, hardly to be left.

254

Maintaine not then thy silly brother asse
 Too high in flesh, for if thou doe heele kicke
 And being suffer'd to get heart a grasse
 Cast downe his master when the spurre doth pricke,
 And reason good that he should so requite him,
 Endeuoureth to make his owne Dogge bite him.

255

If he begin vnmanerly to bray,
 Grow belly proud, or wanton in his pace,
 Feed him with branne, mixe stubble with his hay,
 Drinke from the fountaine, sometimes thou maist lace,
 This tender hide, disturbe him of his sleepe
 Such things th' vnruely in subiection keepe.

256

If wealth abound, be liberall and free,
No man can serue two masters, heauen and earth,
If pouerty doe pineh, let patience be
The antidote, with a religious mirth,
Let no disaster daunt thee, but relie,
On stedfast Faith, sweet Hope, blest Charitie.

257

Pious Mirandula whose learning fam'd
Him through the World for depth of speculation
Seem'd as it were thereof to be asham'd,
Little aduancing to his soules saluation
Wishing he had the power (to vs seemes strange)
With some deuout old woman to exchange.

258

Seeke in the first place what's first to be sought
Nor let thy wandring thoughts at rouers ruine,
He sayles securest that is eas'ly fraught
The work's halfe ended that is well begunne
Euen in goodnesse studie by all meanes
Much more in other things t'auoid extreames.

259

He knowes enough that knowes how to liue well
For as men liue most commonly they die
And vntill death no mortall power can tell
What shall befall him, such varietie
Of fortunes we are subiect vnto all
Let him that stands securest feare to fall.

260

Staine not the beautie of thy noble soule
 With th'vgly soule deformitie of sinne
 More horrid then the place from whence it stole,
 But if through frailtie it should enter in,
 Permit it not a minute there to dwell.
 We cannot say he liues that liues not well.

261

Nor can we say he's dead, although he die
 According to the common acceptation,
 Whose innocencie doth like incense flie
 Vp to the Throne of mercie for saluation
 Steering a course so solid, smooth and eauen,
 The finall obiect of his labour's heauen.

262

*Mors dominos seruus, & sceptraligonibus aequat,
 Dissimiles simili conditione trahens.*

The Lord, the Slaue, the Pesant, and the King
 Vnlike in life, in death the selfe-same thing.

FINIS.

AN ELEGIE.

Vpon the Right Honorable *George Lord Talbot*
Earle of Shrewsbury, &c.

I May expresse a willingnesse to show
The dutie to thy memorie I owe,
But O thy vertues soare a pitch farre higher,
Then any pen can reach but in desire,
In whom two distinct attributes accord,
To be religious, and to be a Lord;
Few such we find amongst our Noble men,
That grace their honours, not their honours them.
Ambitious thoughts did neuer breake thy sleepe,
Nor how to get vniustly, nor to keepe.
An humble suiter might know where to find
Your Lordships lodging, constant as your minde.
Nor did you his petition sooner reade,
That had the Groome of your Bed-chamber feed,
Whose constant seruants better by their owne
Then any gaudie Liuerie were knowne,
Whose Coach and horses did more all the yeare
An old Church-doore, then a new Tauerne feare.
No wanton pleasures did thy youth defile,
Nor vaine delights thy middle-age beguile,
Old age was not by doting passion led,
With like discretion either managed,
So, that perseuerance with immortall fame
Hath crown'd thy end, the glory of thy name,
And high descent, predestinate to be
A faire example to posteritie.
Thy Mannor-house stood not for shew or grace,
Nor for a Land-marke, but a landing place;
Whose inward vniformitie did please
More then the golden superficies,

In steed of Marble pillars at thy doore
We did behold whole multitudes of poore
Releued whose incessant votes did strive
To canonize thee for a Saint alieue.

W. C.

AN ELEGIE.

Vpon the Ladie Marchionesse of *Winchester*, daughter
to the right Honourable Thomas Lord
Savage, &c.

INstruct my pen with an immortall verse
Whilst holy teares enamell thy sad herse
Sweet Saint on earth, in Heauen no lesse we know
Thy beauty here, there goodnesse makes thee so.
I rather should direct my prayers to thee
Then studie to compole an Elegie,
Teaching the world with confidence they must
Performe their vowes to thy religious dust
With many a weary step, to know what shall
Vnto their long protracted hopes befall.
What new-borne sinne (that heauen could not deuise
To expiate a meaner sacrifice
Then thy deare losse, all other doth exceed)
Raigneth amongst vs? who so freely feed
The fatall sisters? that they made such haste
To finish vp their worke with so much waste.
How many glorious branches might haue sprung
From thee so good, so beautifull and young,
They were mistaken in their count I feare
And numberd eu'ry vertue for a yeare.

W. C.

AN ELEGIE.
Vpon the right HONORABLE WILLIAM Lord PAGET Baron of Beaufort.

THE best intelligence that we can haue
Of greatnesse euer riseth from the graue,
There are the curtaines drawne, and men appeare
Not as they seem'd to be but as they were:
And so do'st thou, who rightly vnderstood
Thoughtst no addition great but to be good,
In which alone t'excell thou diddest strue,
Liuing an absolute contemplatiue.
Abhorring that vnsettled generation
Who make a businesse of their recreation,
Whose glorious titles serue as a disguise,
To cast a mist before the vulgars eyes.
As if that honours essence were to hide
Their folly, sensualitie and pride,
No tell-tale Libels after thee are throwne
To staine thine honour, not so much as one
Inuectiue line, or murmuring complaint
Thy euer happy memorie doth taint,
We need no marble monument to raise
Or recommend thy worth, or speake thy praise
Vnto succeeding ages, shall out-line
All helpes that humane hand or wit can giue
In the succession of thy noble line
Wherein thy liuing memory doth shine
Most glorious; whilst with wonder we behold
So many goodly Characters enold
Of thee, whose growing vertues speake the worth
And beautie of the soyle that brought them forth.

W. C.

An Elegie.

VPON THE HONORABLE
Sir IOHN BEAUMONT
Knight Baronet.

A Beaumont dead; he forfeiteth his pen
That writeth not an Elegie. For when
The Muses darlings whose admir'd numbers
Recorded are amongst our ages wonders,
Exchange this dull earth for a Crowne of glorie,
All are engag'd t'immortalize their storie.
But thou hast left vs sacred poesie
Reduc'd vnto her former infancie.
Hauing (as all things else by long gradation)
Lost her first lustre, till thy reformation,
Forcing her backe into the ancient streame
Taughts thy chaste muse diuinitie, a theame
So farre neglected, we did hardly know
If there were any (but a name) or no.
Mirror of men who lefist vs not a line
Wherein thy liuing honor doth not shine
Equall with that of the celestiaall Globe
Clad in the splendor of her midnight robe,
Onely that *Venus* neuer did appeare
Within the Circle of thy Hemisphære,
Which so much addes to thy religious verse,
Succeeding ages shall not dare reherse
Without some sacred ceremonie, sent
Beforehand, as a diuine complement.

E

The Authours Apologie for the
title of his Booke iniuriously con-
ferd by Roger Muchill, vpon a
Sermon of Doctor *Donnes*.

DEath in a furie hath the Fellow tooke
That stole my Title, *Donne*, to grace thy booke.
To wrong the liuing and commit a rape
Vpon the dead, how could he thinke to scape?
I am but too much honord to be stil'd
Th'vnwilling Gossip to thy vnknowne child.
But he that sought so basely my disgrace
Behind my backe; hath wrong'd thee to thy face,
I would reuenge thy quarrell but that he
That deales with dirt shall but defiled be.
Live in thy liuing fame; and let this serue
Not thine, but mine owne honor to preferue.

An Epitaph vpon Roger
Muchill.

Here lies Much-ill that nere did good (who thought
To coozen Death) in his vntimely vants.
Harne watch, harne catch, his auarice was such
That at the length, he stole a Pot to much.
But he that would not take his bond before
May take his word, he shall doe so no more.

FINIS.

G